Turee Months - - - 5
Six Menths - - 1
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VOL. XIV.

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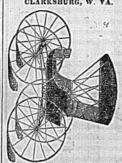
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I keep on hand a few gallens of at me Kentucky Whisky as was ever offered in

CALL AND EXAMINA IT.

IF YOU WANT TO SMOKE I have a nice cigar and one plug of chewing tebacco If you want LUNGH I keep a piece of cheese, a few crackers and one can of cove oysters and a glass of Reyman's best

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war-whoep, and Blaine waived the bloody-shirt, had they seen Pat, dressed in white, so far as he was dressed at all—neither naked nor clad—bare-foot and bare-head, with a rock in his hand, standing the whole of that long, wearysone, cold hour which precedes day-break, by the prison-walls. He had been restless all_night; a vague uneasiness; a foreboding of evil-intent, had banished rest. "His slumbers, if he slumbered, were not sleep."

I declare I am afraid to advance hand for a brief instant as the farmer's men got him into their arm. "You'll go with me, won't you? I might have perished in the snow only for you."

She would go with him and see that soft, muflled "hush" on everything that snow—lying thick and newly fallen, invariably produces. As Milly stood and listened, the slightest sounds came distinctly to there ear, yet so softly that they and it costs me my situation, I seemed to touch the slience, without the standard of a disturbing light have perished in the snow "She would go with me, won't you? I might have perished in the snow only for you."

She would go with him and see that soft, muflled "hush" on everything that snow—lying thick and newly fallen, invariably produces. As Milly stood and listened, the slightest sounds came distinctly to there ear, yet so softly that they and it costs me my situation, I won't leave a fellow-creature suffering the standard of the slight have perished in the snow "You'll go with me, won't you? I might have perished in the snow "You'll go with me, won't you? I might have perished in the snow "You'll go with me, won't you? I might have perished in the snow with him and see the standard of the snow of th ness; a fereboding of evil-intent, had banished rest. "His slumbers, if he slumbered, were not sleep." As the clock struck three, a dull, tremendous thug, as if from a heavy body falling to the ground brought him to his feet. He rushed to the spot whence the sound had proceeded. Lo! one of the large stones in the basement, or prison walls, had been pushed out from within. He gathered a rock and waited, but in vain, for his prisoners to hang their banner on the outer walls. They had heard him jump out of bed, and wisely judged that discretion was the better part of valor. Since that "all nameless horror, jewelry adorn their wrists and ankles. It shines, glistens sparkles, and may be adds to good looks; but like many other fashionable contrivances assuredly must annihilate comfort.

In local politics honors are easy. T. R. Cherry seems to be sanguine that to him will befall the legislative burdensome duties He paddles a buoyant cance, hulled from material as light as corkwood. It moves as gracefully as a swan in eddy water; but Elk is a ough stream. A mid-summer tide might cast it high and dry on one of the numerous islands, there, midst Smith & Gilligan's, or Woodruff's poplar logs, to await a blast of Gabriel's silver trumpet calling the Second Adventists MANTLES, &cc.

Cemetery Lots enclosed with Galvanithmy avoid the process of slow combustion by which unsparing Grantie point. Also dealer in Scotch Grantie Point. Also dealer in Scotch Grantie New Jerusalem, and thereby the process of slow combustion by which unsparing time would surely reduce it to implicate the process of the proces their New Jerusalem, and thereby combustion by which unsparing palpable powder.

Judge Doddrill has selected to run his race on an old-fashioned

A MAY PRAYER. I ask thee not, my Mother, For my sunny hours agala, That now or through the future,

They would smile to me, as then And I plend thee not, my Mother, When the thorn crown presses no For the elden wreath of reses,

That bound my spirit's brow. By a prayer to thee, my Mother, On the wings of May I send; Let me held one memory sacred,

Safe and sheltered, till !Ve's end By the doubt-torn heart, my Mother, That pleads to thee this day, Save me that memory precious, That is cibling fast away.

Turn back its tide, my Mother, Let it flood my life, as then, For this darkness needs the trusting And the elden peace again.

Thou wilt list to me, my Mother, For thy love is linked always With the memory I am shielding From the wrecks of by-gone days.

IN THE SNOW.

the servants to meet me. If I hadn't traveled the road before I

the servants to meet me. If I hadn't traveled the road before I might lose my way in the darkness, and sink in the deep, soft snow."

The shudder more nerveusly than ever at that uncomfortable thought, and glanced timidly are und her. There was cause for fear, for the path she was on was high above the road, and had a deep ditch on the further side separating it from the meadows; not that the ditch could be seen at present, being doubly hidden by darkness and drifted snow, but Milly knew it was there, and that a mis-step on the narrow, sippery foot-path would sither precipitate her into it, or into the heavy snewhank on the other side piled up from the broad, highway.

"And I might he there helpless until micring," she thought, "and perhaps freeze to death. Oh, dear

"And I might his there helpless will make a seemed a bissulf was that any a sick man has fallen in will make perhaps freeze to death." Oh, dear lat wish I hadr't thought of it? I will be seemed a bissulf when the show that have not been after his experience of the ditch and the snow.

"God biess you!" he said to her, be ad all found me, should be seen and minable. Milly was all found me, and a minable. Milly was all found me, or her little of these, and Ronald's preserver in the snow!

As Milly stood and assessed, the slightest sounds came distinctly to her ear, yet so softly that they seemed to touch the silence, with-out other breaking or disturbing

it."

First there was the faint ochobut that died instantly—of the crisp, squeaking noise made by her own quick feet upon the frezan and snow-covered plank road. Then there came the "soughing" of the north wind among the pines, whispering to them of more snow, and the creak and groan of their laden branches, as if vainly and wearily complaining about it. Houses were few along the lonely road, and, for the most part, lay out among the fields. From the nearest of them came to her a watch-log's bark, alert and littening to her, no doubt, as she listened to him. She even thought she could catch the clank and clatter of his chain, and told herself that it was Farmer Wilsenie Roses. coven thought she could catch the clank and clatter of his chain, and told herself that it was Farmer Wilson's Rover, and wished that she had him with her now for company. And then suddenly—just as she was thinking how peaceful and harmless all these sounds were, and laughing at herself for being afraid of them—came to her startled ears a very different one, that almost made her shrick and fall from torror.

It was a deep and hollow groan. Not loud—elee might not have heard it had she not been standing so still—but prolonged and painfully expressive of helpless suffering. That was what struck her instantly, and helped to overcome her terror—the tone of anguish, the meed of aid that sounded in it.

"Heaven help us! What was

need of aid that sounded in it.
"Heaven help us! What was
that?" sie breathed, gaspingly, and
clasped her little hands over her
heart, with a brave effort to quiet
its beating. "Some one in trouble,
in pain. Some one, perhaps, to
whom that mislap has come which
I was dreading for myself. Who—
and where—can it be?"

She looked around quits vainly
because of the darkness—and then

because of the darkness—and then called out, very loudly, it seemed in

called out, very loudly, it seemed in the silence:

"What is the matter? Is any, one in trouble? Does any one need help? Who are you, there?"

The person to whom she spoke was scarcely in a condition to answer her. If she could have seen anything, she would have seen him—in the ditch (of which she had been aware, but he had not)—a handsome fellow, who had fallen so heavily and sprained an ankle so severely as to have fainted from the shock and pain. He was just recovering consciousness when she called, and he heard the words without understanding them; in-

recovering consciousness when she called, and he heard the words without understanding them; instinctively answering to a human voice, however, he strove to rise, and failing, groaned again.

That second groan told Milly where he was, and instantly the thing was clear to her. All fears for herself vanished, making way for sympathy and pity.

"You're in the ditch, you noor thing!" thought she. "And hurt severely, I'll warrant, since you can do nothing but groan. Now how in the world am I to help you?"

She had a little satched en her arm—containing such necessaries as ladies carry when visiting, (for the little governess had been spending Christmas with her mother in the city,) and she remembered a box of matches lying snugly therein; in an instant she had it open, and a sudden, tiny flame lit up the darkness of the night.

By it she saw him lying beneath

ing in the snew."

And obeying that resolution she trudged along bravely, following the men with their helploss burden to Wilson's farm. Mrs. Wilson received them.

Wilson's farm. Mrs. Wilson recived them.

"Glad to see you, Miss Milly," and she, heartily. "Glad to see you at any time, my dear, which is more than I'd say for any other inmate of Brandon Park. And so you've taken to Rover's business, have you, hunting up lost folks in it he snow? It has been a heavy fall, to be sure, and our roads are bad for strangers. I take it you are a stranger, sir?" she added, directing the men to place their burden on a bed; "for I know all the faces herefully and faintly, being evidently in much pain. He was a stranger, going somewhat farther on, to attend to a matter of business. His name was Ronald, and he was able to pay for any inconvenience he might cause her. Could he stay there to be nursed? Or could she furnish him with a convayance is some hotel—this Brandon Park, he heard them speaking of, for instance."

heard them speaking of, for in-

some hotel—this Brandon Park, he heard them speaking of, for instance?

Mrs. Wilson laughed and stared; wen Milly opened her blue eyes a little wider; it seemed to these innocent simpletons so odd that any one should mistake the great house of the neighborhood for a hotel.

"The Brandons are the proudest people around here." said the farmer's wife, "and the greedlest. They have a fine estate (though they're more pinched for money then they'd own to,) yet they've quarreled with my lusband about a patch of land that's worth loss than nothing to nobody. This is their governess, Miss Horton, and Itell you it's as much as her place is worth to come under my roof, so bitter are they against us. Perhaps, as she came for your sake, you'll be careful not to speak about it; and perhaps, my dear," turning to Milly, "as you've brought him here, you'll stay here, this evening at least, and nurse him."

It would be hard to decide whether Milly was most terrified or Mr. Ronald most delighted at this

It would be hard to decide whether Milly was most terrified or Mr. Ronald most delighted at this proposition. It is not to be supposed that his injuries had been loft unattended to all this time; on the contrary, while they talked, the women had removed his boots and bathed and bound the swollen ankle tenderly. So that Mr. Ronald had some experience of his little reseuer's light and tender touch, and felt little inclination to be deprived of her kind and skillful be deprived of her kind and skillful

touch, and felt little inclination to be deprived of her kind and skillful voilicos.

"They don't expect you at the a park," said Mrs. Wilson, "and I swas surprised at seeing you. I met the housekeeper this morning, and is said they were all in a taking at news they'd had about young Brandon, the real heir to the estate, who turned up in Europe lately so unexpectedly. It seems he's in New York already, and wrote them to expect him any day, and the young ladies are all agog te look their prettiest, and smile their sweelest, so that one of them may marry him, and keep the place to themeters, after all; for he's only a cousin several times removed, you know, and very rich, which is more than these Brandons ever were. The estate came to this branch of the family," she explained to Mr. Ronald, "in the absence of the heir, whe had gone abroad when a mere boy, and been lost sight of. Now he turns up again, to their disgust, and the girls are squabbling about which shall marry him. One of IN THE SNOW.

A bitter winter evening; not late—not yet quite six o'clock, in fact—but so dark that a "stouter heart and stronger frame than little Milly Horten, the governess," could boast of, might have had some excuse for shuddering with fact rather than with cold, and hurrying nervously road.

"I shuddering with fact rather than with cold, and hurrying nervously road.

"I shuddering with fact, rather than with cold, and hurrying nervously road.

"I shudder in the city,) and she remembered a box of matches lying snugly therein; in an instant she had it open, and a sudden, tiny the darkness of the sight.

By it she saw him lying beneath her in the snow, and he—startled wholly back to consolousness by hand before my face," she mur, mured, as she extended ene little trembling hand to make the exportment, "if it wasn't for the curious white gleam, or reflection, or whatever it is, made by the snow. I do think they might have sent one, and face and the proposed.

The face of an angel it seemed to this branch of the wholly back to consolousness by her with the swift, small light—looked up hopefully and anxiously, and saw her.

The face of an angel it seemed to this branch of the wholly back to consolousness by her with the swift, small light—looked up hopefully and anxiously, and saw her.

The face of an angel it seemed to this wholl be able to see my hopefully and anxiously, and saw her.

The face of an angel it seemed to this branch of the wholly back to consolousness by her winter the preposal.

"A with an and there's other previous, fact, and smile their prestiest, so that one of them may marry him, and keep the place to the ecusion, of themselves, after all; for he's only marry him, and keep the place to the ecusion, which is more than the sum and the prevent. The had the preposal.

"A will answer for your mother's than the sum and the prevent. The face of an angel it seemed to this branch of the saw of the branch of the sum the her in the anish and the robjection. "I couldn't see cousing warries, so that one

terwards. Perhaps, considering his suffering and inconsibility, and is the children won't be home for a generally helpless cendition, with a prospect before him of lying in the anow all night—perhaps that the prospect before him of lying in the same all night—perhaps that the prospect before him of lying in the same and all night—perhaps that the prospect of the context of the c

the bargain, so it was not wonderful that these two people, so strangely and intimately thrown together, almost unconsciously exchanged

w most unconsciously exchanged hearts.

"I lost my heartlin the snow that night, and you, sweet, found it," Mr. Ronald told her. "Did you think it was only a man you found? No, dearest Milly, it was the love and devotion of a life. We must part, for a very little white, darling; but, if I follow you to Brandon Park some day, will you be mine when I claim you?"

She whispered "Yes," amid huppy blushes and smiles, and nestled in her lover's embrace.

"You won't fall in love with the heir—this Brandon?" Ronald said, with tender jealousy. "Suppose he wants you are nine?"

"How could I?" she answered tenderly. "Mr. Brandon is a proud, rich gentleman, who would look down upon a poor little governess of like me with contempt. But even if he did not, it would be all the same. I shall follow may heart. And, cortainly, if you lost yours in the snow, you found mine in place of it!"

So they parted. Milly was too happy to griove, loe sure of seeing

of it!"

So they parted. Milly was too happy to grieve, too sure of seeing her lover again speedily.

"He won't be long away," she thought, "if he loves me as I leve him;" and of course she had no doubts on that subject.

So she requested to Regular Park.

doubts on that subject.

So she returned to Brandon Park
two days later. She entered smiling in her now-found happiness;
but the smiles were very quickly

changed to tears.

The ladies met her with a storm of reproaches. Where had she been? Did she suppose they had not heard of her diagraceful conduct? Stopping for a whole week at that Wilson Farm, with a man whem sweepedy called the lover! at that Wilson Farm, with a man whom everybody called her lover!! Yes—they had heard of it from their cousin Brandon, who was stopping with them, and knew the man. Anything so disgusting and disgraceful at once, the Miss Brandons had never before heard of!

They would listen to ne explanations; they did not believe that she had found him in the snew; the way their Cousin Branden spoke of her was enough; she must leave the house that instant.

It was, indeed, "the way Cousin Brandon spoke of her" that had done all the mischiel!

"Where's the blue-oyed angel I have sheard so "nuch of?" he had

"Where's the blue-cyel angella have heard so inche of?" he had asked almost as seen as he come, two days ago. "A friend of mine bade me guard my heart against the dearest and sweetest of girls in

bade me guard my heart against the dearest and sweelest of girls in the guise of your little governess."

And they had taken fright immediately—that she might rob them of the prize—and so seized any pretext to be rid of her.

They hustled her out of the house. "Your baggage shall be sent after you," they told her; and Milly went weeping down the long avenue on foot, and, at the gute, met Ronald.

Oh, the joy, the relief, that filled her heart! She sprang to his arms with a scream of joy.

"Were you coming to claim me already?" she cried; and wept out all her trouble on his breast.

Yes—he had been coming to claim her. They went, there and then, to the clergyman's house, and —while Milly wnited, wonderingly—Ronald and he had a private talk, the result of which was that the good old man and his wife came to her and persuaded her to be married; immediately.

"I couldn't!" she gasped, fairly breathless at the preposal.
"Mamma—what would mamma think or say?"

But they over-ruled her objections.

"You shall see her within the

next few hours. Let us go first to Brandon Park for your belongings. Take my assurance, darling, that the master will make you welcome there.

A carriage was waiting at the rectory door; in it they drove away. At the Park the Miss Brandone came out to receive them eag-

dons came out to receive them eag-erly.

"Why, Cousin Brandon!" they exclaimed, where have you been?"
Then, as he handed Milly out, and led her into the house: "Who—who—and what is this!"
His turned upon them with grave realizance.

politeness.

politeness.
"This, ladies," said he, presenting Milly, "is Mrs. Ronald Brandon, my dear wife. I trust you will make her welcome, as the welcomes you to this, her henc. I found her," he added, smiling, "and she found me, one night, a week ago, in the way."

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Jackson villo, W. Va.
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